# In The Shadows

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# In The Shadows

by abbymyg


Summary

Hannibal and Will have a bit too much to drink and end up in the alley next to the bar.

For the bingo fill: Shadow.


Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Will," Hannibal gasps. He squeezes Will's arm as the younger one relentlessly kisses his neck.

They both have been drinking, maybe a bit too much. They went out to have something to drink at a local bar they like to frequent with some neighbors, and got dragged into a silly drinking game.

Hannibal thinks that's why they ended up in the alleyway next to the bar, hidden in the shadows from the rest of the group, grinding against each other like horny teenagers.

Will sneaks one of his hands under Hannibal's pants, groping his ass and sliding a finger between his cheeks. Hannibal moans.

"Be quiet, darling," Will says, placing a hand on his mouth. "We don't want anyone hearing you, do we?"

Hannibal is overly aware of the sounds of laughter coming from only a few feet from them, in the front of the building. He can smell cigarette smoke mixed with weed.

In all honesty, he wouldn't give a damn if someone heard them—both of them have a thing for exhibitionism, as much as Will hates to admit it. What he doesn't want is to have anyone interrupt them.

Thus, he listens to Will's order and tries to keep his voice down. He nods.

"Good," Will says. "Turn around, Hannibal. Face the wall."

A shiver goes down Hannibal's spine at the sound of Will's commanding tone. He swallows, hard and, once again, obeys.

He turns around and Will doesn't waste a second lowering his pants and underwear, just enough so his ass is exposed. The weather is so hot that having one less item of clothing feels like a huge relief for a second.

However, when Will's two fingers slicked up with lube enter him (Hannibal wonders where did he get lube from), he quickly forgets about it. Will moves them in a sloppier manner, harder than usual, his perception and control fogged by the alcohol circulating in his system.

It makes it impossible for Hannibal to hold back his noises, and he begins shamelessly moving his hips to meet Will's fingers halfway. It makes the younger man chuckle.

"So desperate for me," Will leans over him to whisper in his ear. He nips his earlobe. "Are you that eager to be fucked by me that you don't mind doing it in a dirty alleyway, covered in God knows how much filth?"

Hannibal really doesn't want to think about that, so he chooses to ignore it. "Please," he begs instead.

He hears Will unzipping his pants. It's music to his ears.

"So you so badly want my cock that you would let everyone hear your screams?" he asks as he coats himself with lube from the tiny vial he brought from home. "Let them hear just how much of a slut you are for me?" He adds as he presses against Hannibal's hole.

He screams, the humiliation burning in his belly and making his cock twitch.

"How loud you can scream my name so they know who you belong to?" Will continues and he thrusts inside, to the hilt.

"Will!" Hannibal screams.

Will smirks. "Yeah, just like that," he whispers.

Will's thrusts are merciless, assaulting Hannibal's prostate with each movement. His screams and moans become more and more incoherent and breathless, louder. And as much as Will likes the risk of being caught, the idea of someone seeing Hannibal in this state makes his blood boil. So, in order to prevent any unnecessary deaths, he shoves his fingers inside Hannibal's mouth.

The doctor moans around them and promptly begins to suck them with enthusiasm.

"Fuck," Will curses. "Fuck, Hannibal. You are so good for me, darling, so good."

Hannibal moans in what sounds like agreement. He clenches around Will the way he always does when he's about to come.

"Come, my love." Will kisses his shoulder.

Hannibal does, and Will follows a mere second after, both shuddering from the power of their orgasm. Hannibal milks him, not letting Will go until he's stopped ejaculating, unwilling to let any drop go to waste. He whines when Will pulls out and cum quickly begins to leak.

"Fuck, sorry," Will says. "Should've thought of bringing a plug."

Hannibal moans, still unable to properly speak.

"Next time," Will promises with a kiss on his nape.

*God* , Hannibal is so in love with him.

End Notes

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